

A Different Fate BONUS: I Can

by KitsuneMiyuKendraHyuga

Category: Fate/stay night

Genre: Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Sakura M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-15 23:05:38

Updated: 2016-04-15 23:05:38

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:21:54

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,200

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: From Sakura's perspective, some of the events of her life as they unfolded in "A Different Fate". COMPLETE.

A Different Fate BONUS: I Can

****A/N****: This is a collection of scattered moments in Sakura Matou's point of view; she looks back on what happened in her life as I described it in "A Different Fate" and "Love Has No Rules". The rating is T, but some dark things are implied "even though no details are given."

****ArtCover****: with her permission, it's another fantastic work Christy did! Find her on tumblr ([christine27choi](https://christine27choi.tumblr.com/)) and on Deviantart ([Christine-Luche27](https://Christine-Luche27.deviantart.com/))!

Several reviewers of ADF, in particular Noah Thomson and AlterRedgrave, asked to give something more to Sakura, because of her horrible backstory and how mistreated she is in canon. I could not give her much space in the main storyline of ADF, but those reviews convinced me that Sakura deserved an effort. So I decided to write some scattered thoughts, all in her personal point of view. Please note that most of them won't be understandable, unless you have already read the other works in the ADF universe. Since everything is seen through Sakura's eyes, though, the main characters from ADF will be mentioned but won't make a real appearance.

SPOILER ALERT FOR "A Different Fate": when I first started to outline ADF, aside from the slow-building romance between Gilgamesh and Arturia "that was the easiest part" I was in need of someone to use as the Grail vessel for the final summoning. I didn't want to use Illya or Rin, because their storylines brought them out of the Grail wars. I was undecided between Shinji and Sakura. My initial idea was to have Sakura die (and therefore be freed from her terrible life) as she became the Grail, and have Shinji witness it and be redeemed through remorse. But the Type-Moon Wiki is quite explicit in

describing what Shinji did to Sakura in their years of growing up together " and I felt too bad for her to just let her die. So their roles were switched, more or less, and she survived. As many reviewers pointed out, however, she doesn't get a proper closure.

Therefore" Sakura Matou, this piece is for you :)

* * *

><p>"<p>

"

...

...

I closed my eyes - but he roughly grabbed my hair, forcing me to sit up and look at him.

"I want you to watch, bitch."

"

"

"You have a pretty neck. Prettily perfect" so perfect for squeezing."

I couldn't do anything. I couldn't stop it. And now, I couldn't even scream.

Which is strange, since they always seemed to enjoy my screams.

But as my mind lost consciousness, my only thought was"

"please, let me die._._

I wished he squeezed a little tighter" I wished for him to squeeze the life out of me"

"_so I could finally die._

"

"

My name is Sakura Matou. And my name alone is already a lie.

"

â€|

Being nobody. Being an object. Not being a person. This is my destiny, and I can't do anything about it.

And maybeâ€| I don't even have the will to try and do something about it.

Not anymore.

â€|

* * * * *

â€|

I had always considered my father to be my hero. Every child probably does that at some point. But that passed quickly for me, once he let me be adopted by the Matous. Being adopted was a nice way of putting it, but it was no use arguing about the term now.

All things considered, I could find it in myself to forgive my father. I truly could. He had his beliefs, and according to them, he was doing his best. I couldn't accept it completely â€" but I could forgive him for that.

I would never forget, though.

And that was why I would not take the Tohsaka name, even though I could.

After theâ€| adoption, I had thought, for a while, that someone would come to save me. I knew I wasn't strong enough to get out of it on my own â€" as my new Grandfather didn't waste time in proving to me â€" but I was sure that someone would come.

It didn't take long to realize that I was just deluding myself, and that such a thing was never going to happen.

Grandfather had showed it â€" time and time again. _No one could do anything against him_.

I was alone â€" I was then, and always would be.

Perhaps it was the first time the worms fed on my body â€" or the second time, or the third. I can't recall. My old familyâ€| my mother, my sister, my _father_â€| they obviously didn't want anything to do with me anymore.

And my new familyâ€| I was young and silly, but even I was able to see that I was tool for them. A useful tool.

Useful, and for many different kinds of use.

No one cared enough about me to consider me a person.

I could actually understand it somehow. I was not anything particularly special, neither as a person nor as anything else. But it was made obvious. No one cared about _me_.

No one.

I was alone.

I had worms crawling inside me, and people who were supposed to be my relatives using my body for their personal, sick, twisted pleasure and I had never been more alone.

I could see no future ahead of me. I could see nothing but darkness.

And I welcomed that darkness.

Because at least it numbed the hideous reality.

So I surrendered to it.

For a long, long time.

â€|

* * * * *

â€|

There was a boy, Shirou, one year older than me. He was in the same class as my sister â€" _no, that girl wasn't my sister_.

But that boy, he was nice. To everyone. And heâ€| he actually helped me in archery class when I joined. He was actuallyâ€| kind to me. And he gave me chocolate on my birthday â€" as a gift.

No one had ever showed that kind of consideration towards me.

I thought it was a trick. I thought he was deceiving me to then betray me most viciously.

But it wasn't, and he didn't.

He lived with the teacher, the English teacher who was scarily energetic. Fujimura-san.

And both were nice to me. I began to go over â€" at first just to cook and help out, then to be in their company. And a few times I saw my sister â€" no, she _wasn't_ my sister, she was just Rin Tohsaka! â€" there. And a white-haired girl who looked so young and frail, but whose eyes told a whole different story. She was Shirou's sister, apparently, and her name was Illya.

And then, there was a blonde woman. Together with an equally blond man. And it took me a while to recognize them, both from their weird magical energy and their regal behaviour, but once I didâ€|

They were two Heroic Spirits, two former Servants. And for some reason, they were in the world of the living with real bodies and without a Master. Something had gone wrong during â€" or after â€" the last Holy Grail War.

But there was something strange. The woman lived with Illya â€" and

there was true affection between them. And she seemed to have deep understanding of the man. The man seemed somehow inclined to approve of my sister " Rin Tohsaka, _not_ my sister ", but he only showed something different from his usual boredom and arrogance " something close to caring " when it came to the woman.

That was even stranger. Could two Heroic Spirits actually get along that well?

Could they actually| fall in love?

|

|

Arturia Pendragon understood me. She understood my desire for death| and agreed to let me become the Grail vessel.

I don't remember what other incoherent things I muttered after hearing her answer, but I just know that I was so _relieved_.

Finally. I could _finally_ die.

|

|

When I woke up, my first thought was wondering about where I was. For being hell, it felt surprisingly comfortable.

Especially because the worms that had always been inside me seemed to have finally disappeared from my body.

And then, for just a split second, I panicked. _Arturia and Gilgamesh had failed?!_

But of course they hadn't. They had destroyed the Grail " and saved me in the process. As Rin told me. With tears in her eyes and holding me in a suffocating embrace.

Rin. _My sister_.

Now I could call her that. She was my sister, and I could acknowledge her without fears. She had held back in the past because she knew I would have had to suffer awful consequences at the Matous', had we gotten in contact.

Our relationship as sisters could not be magically restored like that, with just words and tears of explanation.

But it could be a start.

So I returned her embrace.

â€|

* * * * *

â€|

Shirou was a good person. He may have seemed a fool, but he had an inner resolve that I admired and respected. He knew he was not invincible, he knew he wasn't a particularly courageous or brave person, but he never gave up. And he did not look down on people, no matter who or what they were.

I would never be able to truly convey him my gratefulness for the fact that he accepted me, for who I was. He may not have known all the details of what had happened with my family â€" not that I intended to share things that I'd much rather forget â€" but he knew in general. And if that was not enough to make him turn away from meâ€| well, I didn't know what was.

He was respectful of me, he was kind to me, and he cared about me.

How could I not respect and be grateful to a person who, when everything was dark in my life and I was resigned to it, extended a hand to me?

But in spite of all those words, he did not love me. And Iâ€| didn't intend to force him to do so.

...

Shirou came to me that evening. I was sitting on the wooden veranda, and he told me about his intentions. And he was sweet, incredibly sweetâ€| when he asked me to move in with him permanently.

Had he asked me a couple of years before, I would have probably said yes.

But I had changed.

I didn't want to hurt Shirou. I would never want to hurt him. Ever. He was the first person to be nice to me, to see me as a person and to actually care.

I would never forget that.

But I had to face the truth. What I had believed to be love was an infatuation. It had been excruciating to realize, but it was true. It was a strong infatuation undoubtedly, but not a deep love. I did not crave that kind of love, but I did believe it necessary for a long-lasting commitment.

I cared about Shirou, and I knew he cared about me.

But I knew he didn't love me, either. He may still be under the illusion of the infatuation, but I could see it clearly. He cared â€" he truly did. But it wasn't romantic love. It was something more like a brotherly affection.

And Iâ€| would have liked to keep it that way. For the time being.

Who knew what the future would hold. But I knew that what was between us was not enough for a true love. It might change in the future, and if I stayed, I believe it truly might have.

But I needed to do this. I needed to find out more about the past of the Matou family. I had been brought into that family against my will, but its inheritance was all I had left. The least I could do was get to know it.

I could ask Shirou to wait. But that would be selfish. And, while I knew I had my flaws, I didn't believe selfishness to be one of the most prominent ones.

I couldn't ask Shirou to wait for me. He had the right to live a wonderful love story if fate should be so inclined, and if he was going to live that with someone who wasn't me, then so be it. For his sake, I wished him to fall for a good person. But it wasn't for me to decide.

And I was completely certain that I didn't love Shirou, after seeing Arturia and Gilgamesh once they had come back from Tokyo, where they had lived for two years.

I had had very few occasions to observe them in the past, I must confess, but especially those days, in the midst of Taiga's wedding preparations, I finally did have the occasion to see them.

As Taiga herself told me, with a teasing smile in their direction, there was something particular between those two. When they had first met her, Arturia had told her that Gilgamesh was merely her 'companion'. But it was now obvious â€" he was certainly much more than that.

What was between Arturia and Gilgamesh was love. True, sincere, deep love.

They knew each other very, very well, and they had not only an honest appreciation of each other, but also an understanding of each other. It may be a little more difficult to see in Arturia, given how reserved she was, but no one with eyes would have been able to miss it.

That kind of love was clear to seeâ€" and I knew it was not the kind of love between Shirou and me.

Again, I found myself wondering if we would be able to achieve it. Should I decide to stay. But it was no use pondering over it. I had made my choice. I knew it would hurt Shirou, and it saddened me; but I knew he would not be heartbroken, because what he felt for me wasn't deep love.

And it was probably that knowledge that allowed me to look him in the eye as I explained all my thoughts to him. I left out my considerations on Arturia and Gilgamesh â€" even though Gilgamesh no longer glared at Shirou on sight and was mostly indifferent towards him, that hadn't lessened Shirou's fear in the least. Not that I could really blame him â€" I knew better than most that Gilgamesh could be a truly dangerous person.

But I was quite certain about the fact that it hurt Shirou. Hearing

my words, no matter how gently uttered, still hurt him. I was as kind as possible in my explanation, and I knew that, while he was hurting, he was also understanding. He did not like what I was telling him " but I knew him enough to know that he was following my line of thought.

And when I was done, that was more or less what he told me. He was obviously saddened, but as a true friend, he understood and respected my choices.

To be fair, he did try to convince me to change my mind. He portrayed quite a nice vision of our future together, and I would be lying if I said I wasn't at least a little bit tempted.

But I had made up my mind, and I would not look back on _what ifs_.

Not anymore.

I had spent way too much time with those what ifs.

What if my father had not given me to the Matous.

What if he had given them Rin instead of me.

What if Taiga Fujimura had not been understanding of my faltering knowledge of English and been very supportive of me during extra lessons.

What if Shirou had never been kind to me.

What if Arturia Pendragon had not looked into my eyes and understood me.

What if she and Gilgamesh had not used that strange but powerful artefact to save my life.

It was wrong to ponder over such things. But not only was it wrong " it was pointless as well.

"|

"|

I could choose my destiny. It was time for me to begin to carve one for myself.

Arturia and Gilgamesh had found their fate, a different fate from what they had most likely been intended to have. Rin and Illya could have become the Masters in a possible Fifth Grail War, but they had now their full lives in front of them, happy and free from the demons of their past. The memories would probably not leave completely" but they could be unburdened and happy people nonetheless. Taiga was about to get married, and begin her new life with her beloved husband. Shirou would found a company, and he would meet new people and create his path in the world.

If all the people I knew and cared about were moving on" why should

I not? I would not be free from my past as easily as the others would.

Well, I should amend that.

While I had had a horrible past, that didn't mean the others' had been an easy one. Especially Arturia and Gilgamesh's. They had already lived full lives, and since they were Heroic Spirits, they had probably experienced true calamities during their lifetimes.

But if they could move on, and find happinessâ€¦ then why should I not be able to do the same?

I had the right to live my life and find my happiness, too.

â€¦

* * * * *

â€¦

And nowâ€¦ now I'm here, in Russia.

I'm still Sakura Matou. But this time, it's because I chose to be. And it's probably _that_ knowledge that guides me towards the future.

I won't forget my past. I will move on from it â€" that, is something I've been doing. I will remember that it made me who I am today, and I will make it through everything â€" for this reason alone.

Because I am Sakura Matou, and I will be the one to write my destiny. Now, and always.

It doesn't matter if it holds happiness or not â€" as long as _I_ am able to choose it, then it will be fine.

I will shape my future on my own terms.

Because I am Sakura Matou, and I finally realized that I can.

...

...

...

...

THE END

* * *

><p>...

A/N : with all my love, this is the very last part for "A Different Fate" ;)

Andâ€¦ I really wanted to write this, as the true conclusion for ADF. I know it's written in scattered moments, and more disjointed than what I usually do (purposefully so, to emphasize the brokenness of Sakura's life) â€" but it's because it should reflect Sakura's change.

With this, the "***A Different Fate**" universe is closed forever. I hope you enjoyed this variation, even though I took way too many liberties from canon.

Many thanks to TheBookAngel, for her precious beta work and for correcting my story!

Once again, I recommend to check out the project **Fate/Apophenia**; and, if you like GilArt, please go to A03, where I have a few more stories posted â€" I use the same pen name as here.

Thank you so, so much for reading my work!

Until next time,

KitsuneMiyuKendraHyuga

End
file.